

# The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

GREATLY the goblet rejoices; it says it has just, with soft pressure,  
Touch'd those sweet-speaking lips shewn by fair Zénophilé.  
Oh, bless'd goblet! I wish she would press those lips against my lips—  
Oh, she might drink to me then, quaffing my soul at a draught. J. O

## HENRI HERZ.

OUR correspondent was in error when he stated that this well-known musician was in London. Henri Herz is still in South America, where he is, we believe, making a handsome fortune. He has no idea of returning to Europe at present. The classes in Harley Street will, therefore, be under the sole and competent direction of his brother, M. Jacques Herz.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

THE sonata, the noblest form that instrumental music can assume, appears to be going out of date. So much the worse for the art. Let the sonata be once entirely laid aside, as antiquated, and music will rapidly fall from the high place it now occupies as a beautiful and intellectual pursuit. Sonatas continue to be written, it is true; the German and French catalogues of new music, the latter more rarely than the former, and the English still more rarely than the latter, occasionally announce a new sonata, by some unknown composer; but few of the tried and acknowledged writers ever venture on producing, certainly not on publishing, a work of this gravity and importance. A young musician not seldom begins his career with "a grand sonata," with all the four movements unusually long, which, for want of encouragement, he prints at his own expense. Finding that it does not sell, and that, except the few he may have presented to his friends, who do not thank him, the fifty or hundred copies originally issued remain a dead weight upon the shelves of his publisher, he abandons all idea of composing a second sonata, and at once sets to work upon capriccios, fantasias, romances, sketches, songs without words, and whatever he may consider the most marketable commodity. If he be ambitious, and a lover of his art, he will not descend to the variations, rondos, sketches à la valse, &c., with which our pianofortes are covered by those who are neither; he follows, however, in the train of his contemporaries, and gives birth to a series of short movements of the *capriccio* form—that is of no form whatever—which he dignifies by names borrowed from others, or names of his own coinage, having no intelligible connection with the works to which they are applied. Whether, from all this farrago of the fancy, anything clear and symmetrical will arise, to induce us to regret the sonata no longer, it is for some commanding genius to prove. Mendelssohn invented a beautiful form, in the *Lieder ohne Worte*; but he exhausted it himself. To him it was but an exercise of the fancy, an easing of his continually inventing brain from some of the ideas with

which it was overstocked, and which he did not find convertible to loftier purposes; but his imitators—for the most part unblest with one idea in a twelvemonth, destitute of fancy and invention—attempting to emulate him, have only demonstrated their incompetency. Their *Lieder ohne Worte* are little better than an empty figure of accompaniment, to which a meagre and passionless tune has been made to fit, with infinite and unprofitable labour. So true is this, that the title of *Songs without words*—in German, French, or English—affixed to a piece of new music, predisposes us against the author, and takes away all the inclination we might otherwise have felt to look at his work. To Mendelssohn, also, may be traced the endless forms which the *capriccio*, or caprice, has assumed within the last twenty years. But his imitators—who include, we may almost say, the entire race of modern composers for the piano—independently of the barrenness of their invention, have altogether overlooked that element which, in Mendelssohn's smallest efforts, is never absent—the symmetry and consequence of form which ally them more or less to the sonata.

The fantasia used to be regarded, among the old writers, as a sort of improvisation, and was an exception, not a rule. But what would Mozart have thought, had he lived now and found nine works out of every ten devoted to the pianoforte and other instruments, fantasias—long or short—in other words improvisations, without plan or order—unmeaning jumbles of themes, good or bad, which might belong to anything else than that in which they appear, with quite as much or quite as little propriety? Mozart would not have believed his ears. The ingenious development, or working out, of a theme—which was wont to signalize, not merely fantasias, but actual improvisations—he would have sought in vain; much more in vain the elaborate fugue, demonstrating the composer's facility in counterpoint, that lent interest to the fantasias of the elder masters.

Some will have it that Beethoven completely exhausted the sonata. But this is a manifest error. Beethoven rather showed, by the infinite variety he imparted to it, that the sonata was inexhaustible. He was aware of all the latest resources of the art—as may be well supposed, since he had so large a share in their invention; but he could find no better or more convenient field for their development than this particular one, which already existed, and already, if constant use can wear, had been worn threadbare by Mozart and Haydn—to say nothing of Dussek, a composer too often disregarded by superficial writers, in considering the history and progress of the art. But Beethoven came to the sonata with a world of new ideas; in his hands it was as fresh, and vigorous, and young, as when it first issued from the prolific brain of Haydn, who by right of this one invention enjoys the undisputed title of "Father of Instrumental Music."

The numberless and prodigious inspirations of Beethoven still filling the world with new delight and wonder, it was an

impossible task for any instrumental writer immediately coming after him to take him as a model, without becoming his slavish imitator. This shows Mendelssohn and Spohr, the two original composers of instrumental music of our day, in a worthier light. What they have done, when we consider how near they were to Beethoven, must be regarded as extraordinary. In their symphonies, quartets, and other productions of the kind,\* they have, while adhering to the plan of Haydn, which cannot be profitably neglected, discovered new thoughts, new means of development, and entirely new styles. There is not a shadow of resemblance in the writings of these men to those of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven. Spohr, the elder of these, has virtually finished his career; Mendelssohn, the younger, has been cut off in his prime, and thus forbidden by Providence to fulfil his mission. Happily he lived to complete the oratorio of *Elijah*, the greatest master-piece of the art. Wholly original as are the styles of these great men, they emulated their predecessors—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven,—in their reverent adherence to the one true form—THE SONATA.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### SMITH VERSUS SHEPHERD.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has favoured us with a counter-retort to Mr. Shepherd's reply, which the Surrey manager will find it difficult to get over. Judge for yourself, reader:—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In reply to my charge against Mr. Shephard, of the Surrey Theatre, for appropriating the idea of an effect in a drama submitted to him, which I afterwards withdrew—partly because a coalition with the Victoria company was contemplated, and partly because Mr. Shephard wanted to play a sailor in it (if the whole truth must out)—that gentleman stated that the scene in question had first been introduced in a drama by M. Dumas, as long back as 1845, and therefore was anybody's property.

I could not get the piece, nor any correct information about it in London; so I came over here for the drama and got every particular connected with the sectional ship in question; and, for my own credit, am happy to tell you, that there is not one point in common between our notions. The effect of the sinking ship, attempted at the Surrey, was precisely the one I had suggested to the management; and had nothing at all to do with M. Dumas' drama.

This is a mere straw of an affair, but it serves to show the wind; and apparently to be caught at, as regards the hope of the Surrey ever becoming anything more than what it has been. You know, by the proverb, in what position such trifles are made available.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

ALBERT SMITH.

Horis, Hotel Michodière, Wednesday.

Mr. Shepherd has brought his sheep to an ill market. Foregod! our friend Albert has dealt him a scurvy buffet, in lieu of "coins for his muttuns." Odzooks! *Un eboulement de terrain difficile a grimper.*

#### ERNST.

THE success of this distinguished violinist goes on, if possible, increasing. The *Illustrated News* says of one of his recent performances:—

"Ernst was the lion instrumentalist; he played his divine 'Elegie'

\* It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that a symphony is a sonata for the orchestra—a quartet; a sonata for four-stringed instrument, &c.

most poetically and passionately—producing heart-rending tones from his instrument. In a quaint *air de danse*, of antique form, he was encored, and again, most cruelly so, in Meyseider's air, with variations, when he substituted 'the Carnival.' His cadence in the Mayseder air was one of the most prodigious feats in executive dexterity ever heard, and seemed to astonish the orchestra quite as much as the enormous audience."

Speaking of the same performance, the *Morning Post* says:—

"Herr Ernst was the great feature of the evening. He performed his well-known 'Elegie,' followed by the 'Romanesca,' a celebrated *air de danse*, composed in the 16th century, in the first part; and Mayseder's air, with variations, Op. 40, dedicated to Paganini, in the second. He was encored in 'Romanesca.' His performance of Mayseder's piece was truly marvellous; in that he enacted 'more wonders than a man,' and worked up his audience into a perfect state of rapture. He transposes the situation of the variations, playing the fourth second, and the second third. He otherwise alters the text by the introduction of double notes, octaves, tenths, &c., increasing thereby the difficulties, and adding to the brilliancy of the effect. The cadence he introduces is one of the most extraordinary feats of digital dexterity we ever listened to. The Op. 40, as Ernst plays it, is certainly more his 'air varié' than Mayseder's; but, as it is not a work of high character, we can easily reconcile ourselves to the liberties he takes. The applause at the conclusion of his performance was so overwhelming that he was forced to re-appear, when he gave the "Carnival of Venice" variations."

The *Athenæum* also renders due homage to this fine performance:—

"It is hardly in the course of possibility for a more perfect specimen of violin playing to be presented than that by Herr Ernst at the last Wednesday Concert. His performance of 'La Romanesca,' (first introduced here by M. A. Batta) was of itself worth the price of a ticket: while the familiar 'Air Varié' of Mayseder was given by him with a grandeur, brilliancy, and spontaneous fancy which raised it to the beauty and interest of a new work. Whereas other violinists execute their music, Herr Ernst plays with his: in this respect approaching the Mozarts and Paganinis, whose idea of solo exhibition more or less included improvisation."

To which it is unnecessary for us to add anything whatever

#### LORENZO DE MEDICI.

*Spesso mi torna a mente, anzi giannai  
Non può partir dalla memoria mia,  
L'abito, e 'l tempo, e 'l luogo dove pria  
La mia Donna gentil s'io mirai,  
Quel che paresse allor Amor, tu 'l sai,  
Che con lei sempre fosti in compagnia;  
Quanto vaga gentil, leggiadra, e pia,  
Non si può dir né immaginar assai,  
Quale sovra i nervosi ed alti monti,  
Apollo spande il suo bel lume adorno,  
Tal i crin suoi sovra la bianca gonna;  
Il tempo e 'l luogo non convien ch'io conti  
Chè dov'è sì bel Sole è sempre giorno,  
E paradiso, ov'è sì bella Donna.*

How oft my memory gladly ponders o'er  
Those old, old days of passionate first love;  
The place, the time, the dress my mistress wore,  
When, smiling, like a seraph from above,  
She won me first! Thou, Cupid, thou can't tell  
How she then looked; for never from her side  
Hast thou departed! With what gentle grace  
All paradise seemed opening in her face!  
As down some snowy mountain's summit wide  
A flood of sunshine falls, her tresses fell  
Over her robes of white—dream all the rest;  
I cannot hymn what passes in my breast.  
It must be day where such a sun doth bide,  
And heaven the place by her sweet presence blest! E. K.

## FILICAJA.

*Dov' è Italia, il tuo braccio e a che ti servi  
 Tu dell' altrui ( non è, s'io scorgo il vero,  
 Di chi t'offende il defensor men fero ;  
 Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servì.  
 Così dunque l'onor, così conservi  
 Gli avanzi tu del glorioso Impero ?  
 Così al valor, così al valor primiero,  
 Che a te fede giurò, la fede osservi ?  
 Or va ; ripudia il valor prisco e sposa  
 L' ozio, e fra il sangue, i gemiti, e le strida,  
 Nel periglio maggior dormi e riposa.  
 Dormi, adultera vil, fin che omicida  
 Spada ultrice ti svegli, e sonnachiosa  
 È nuda in braccia al tuo fedel t' uccida.*

Where is thine arm, Italia? Why dost thou  
 Beg aid from others? Both I deem thy foes,  
 Who dare defend thee, or who dare oppose;—  
 Both were thy bondmen once, though hostile now.  
 Where is thine honour? Where the grand remains  
 Of thine o'erspreading empire? Where the might  
 That once was thine? The faith that thou didst plight  
 To ancient Glory on the embattled plains?  
 Away—repudiate olden Valour, Fame;—  
 Sink to disgraceful sleep, and tamely lie  
 Mid groans, and scorn, and blood. Sleep on, and die,  
 Thou vile adulteress, for the avenging knife  
 Shall find thee naked, with thy minion by,  
 And rob thee of thy shame, at once, and life.

E. K.

## THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 787.)

CXI. On the death of Sesostris, his son Phero (a), they said, inherited the kingdom. He did not undertake any military expedition, but was blind from the following cause:—The river overflowed at that time to its greatest height of eighteen cubits, and having swamped the fields, a wind arose and the waters became rough. Upon this, the king was so foolish as to take a spear and cast it into the midst of the raging waters. Immediately afterwards his eyes were affected and he became blind, and remained so for ten years. \* \* \* \*  
 The woman, by whose means he recovered his sight, he made his wife. When he had recovered from the disease in his eyes, he sent offerings to all the celebrated temples; the most worthy of record being some remarkable works he sent to the temple of the Sun, namely, two stone obelisks, each made of one piece, and each a hundred cubits high and eight broad.

CXII. He was succeeded in the kingdom, they say, by a citizen of Memphis, who, in the Greek tongue, has the name of Proteus. He has a very handsome and highly elaborated "Temenos" in Memphis, to the south of the temple of Hephestus (Vulcan). The Tyrian Phœnicians dwell round this "temenos," and the whole place is called the "Camp of the Tyrians." Within the "temenos" is a temple of Proteus, called that of the "foreign Aphrodite (Venus)." I conjecture that this is the temple of Helen, the daughter of Tyndareus, partly because I have heard the report of Helen residing with Proteus, partly on account of this epithet, the "foreign Venus," for in some of the other temples of Venus is she called "foreign" (ξένη).

CXIII. When I made inquiries about Helen, the priests told me as follows:—When Alexander (Paris) carried Helen

from Sparta, he was sailing into his own country, and while he was in the Ægæan, was driven by adverse winds into the Egyptian sea. Thence (for the winds did not cease) he came to Egypt, viz., to the Canopic mouth of the Nile and the Tarichæans. Now upon the shore was a temple of Hercules, which is there still. If any one's slave fled to this and received the sacred marks, giving himself up to the god, it was not lawful to touch him. This same law has remained in force in the same manner from the very beginning down to my own time. The slaves of Alexander, having heard of this law of the temple, fled from him. Sitting as suppliants to the god, they accused Alexander with the intention of harming him, narrating the whole history about Helen and the wrongs of Menelaus. These accusations they uttered to the priests, and to the guardian of this mouth of the Nile, whose name was Thonis.

CXIV. Thonis having heard these things, sent, as soon as possible, a message to Proteus at Memphis to this effect:— "A stranger has come, by race a Trojan, who has done an impious act in Greece, for having seduced the wife of his very host, he has come hither, bringing her and a great deal of treasure, having been driven to this country by the winds. Shall we then suffer this man to go unharmed, or shall we take away what he has brought?" Proteus, in reply, sent a messenger, who spoke thus:—"Arrest this man, whoever he is, who has acted thus impiously towards his host, and bring him to me, that I may know what he can say."

CXV. Thonis, hearing these words, arrests Alexander, and detains his ships. Afterwards he sent him to Memphis, together with Helen and the treasure, and also the suppliant slaves. When they were all brought before him, Proteus asked Alexander who he was, and whence he was sailing; upon which the latter revealed his family and his name, and the place whence he had sailed. Proteus then asked whence he had brought Helen? As Alexander now wandered in his discourse and did not utter the truth, the slaves accused him, and narrated the full particulars of the crime. At last Proteus declared himself thus: "If I did not consider it a high obligation to put to death no foreigner who comes to my country, being driven by the winds, I would punish thee for the sake of the Greek—thee, oh, basest of men! who, having received hospitality, hast committed a most impious act. Thou hast seduced the wife of thy host; and not content with this, thou hast carried her off. Nor was even this enough for thee, for thou hast plundered thy host's house. Now, though I hold it a high obligation not to kill a foreigner, I will not allow thee to take away this woman and the treasure, but I will keep them here for thy Greek host, until he himself comes to fetch them. Thee, and those who have sailed with thee, I order to quit this country for some other within three days. If not, you will be treated as enemies (c)."

## NOTES.

(a) Called by Diodorus, "Sesostris" or "Sesoosis." Eusebius calls him "Pharaoh," which merely means "king."

(b) According to Diodorus, the Egyptian name for this king is "Cetes."

(c) This legend, according to which Helen never reached Troy, was adopted by Euripides in his tragedy of "Helen."

## MENDELSSOHN.

A HIGHLY interesting lecture was given on Thursday at the Camberwell Literary and Scientific Institution, on the character and writings of this great composer. The lecturer was Mr. Benedict, than whom no one is more competent for

\* A place set apart and consecrated.



such a task. Mr. Benedict having been an intimate personal friend of Mendelssohn, was enabled to give many anecdotes of his life, which occurred in the course of a long association, often interrupted, but always renewed, on both sides, with cordial eagerness. The character of Mendelssohn the youth, and Mendelssohn the man, as drawn by Mr. Benedict, was enthusiastically panegyric, but not a bit overdone. Of Mendelssohn's music few, by thorough acquaintance with all his works, and a comprehensive knowledge of the art, combined with a keen appreciation of the beautiful, could be better qualified to speak than Mr. Benedict. The musical illustrations from Mendelssohn's compositions were numerous, attractive, and appropriate to the lecture. The executants were Miss Birch, Miss Poole, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Mr. Benedict himself. The lecture-room was crowded. We shall return to this subject next week.

## SONNET.

NO. CLXIV.

WHERE has dread Nemesis set up her throne?  
In some broad desert,—nought but plain and sky,—  
Where she can cast around her watchful eye,  
Then rise and strike to earth some pilgrim lone?  
Or does she dwell where the repeated moan  
Claims as a privilege the right to die,  
While the stern gods the suppliant's pray'r deny,  
And bid the heart live on, though joy has flown?  
No; Nemesis shuns the dark nooks of earth:  
In scenes of merriment she takes delight—  
She hears the joyous song and pleasant tale;  
And when she is a weary of our mirth,  
She rises—an embodied form of night,  
Shaking her long wild hair,—and all men quail.

N. D.

## LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE ninth concert began with a selection from Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*. The overture was well played by the band, under Herr Anschütz. Mrs. Newton, Misses Isaacs, Eyles, and Kell, Mr. Land, and Herr Formes, took part in the selection. The three ladies gave the delicious trio, "Gia fan ritorno," very nicely, and Mr. Land sang "O cara imagine" with much taste and a real feeling for his author. Encores were awarded to Herr Formes in "Qui sdegno," and to Mrs. A. Newton in the air of the Queen of Night, "Gli angui d' inferno," both of which were well deserved.

Mr. Bridge Frodsham, at his second appearance, confirmed the favorable impression recorded in our last. He sang Balfe's "The blighted flower," and Neil Gow's "The Lass of Gowrie," in both of which he was encored, although in the midst of some strangely determined opposition from certain individuals dispersed all over the hall, who, persisting in their opinion even while Mr. Bridge Frodsham was on his legs before them, succeeded in emulating the Sims Reeves' uproars of last season. This should be sifted. *Verbum sap. sat.*—a word to Stammers will suffice.

From the other vocal pieces in the first part let us single out the bacchanalian of Caspar, sung with dramatic energy by Formes, and encored; Benedict's graceful ballad, "By the sad sea waves," gracefully sung by Miss Poole; and, though last not least, the plaintive and beautiful duet of Mendelssohn, "O, wert thou in the cauld blast," which was sung in the right style by Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Eyles. The *Scherzo* and Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of the same immortal composer, whose music relieves so many dull concerts from monotony, played by the band in such a manner as merited all praise, finished the first part.

The second part began with another capital performance by the band—the brilliant overture to *Oberon*—in the first movement of which the exquisite tone of Jarrett was the object of general remark. It may here be asked, since Mr. Stammers has such a good orchestra, why has he not a better? Since he has forty good men, why not fifty—aye, or sixty, "the Beethoven number?" Exeter Hall is large enough, and the Wednesdayites would not object. Mr. Stammers could then give a symphony and make some tremble in the high places. A symphony for a shilling would become the watchword and war-cry of the musical reformers, and the enemies of *Music for the Million* would run away at the sound like affrighted crows. Why, Mr. Stammers—you, who are a reformer—why do you not think of this? Why not take example from JULLIEN, who has already given a symphony for a shilling,—who has already fed his multitudes with Beethoven and Mendelssohn, to their delight and his own profit? While Julien flies about the country with the name of MENDELSSOHN on his banner, revolutionizing the musical taste of manufacturers and millers, of cotton-spinners and agriculturists, you, Mr. Stammers, should bestir yourself at home. If you do not, rest assured that Mr. Willy, or some other enterprising speculator, will take the silver spoon out of your mouth, and gobble up its contents.

The performances of the Distins on the Sax-Horns were the chief attractions of the second part of the concert; the first, a quartet, called the "Jenny Lind Fantasia," was encored, and the second, a quartet, called the *Huguenots*, was much applauded. The other vocal pieces included a variety of ballads, old songs, rounds, naval songs, and glees, all English and all Scotch, composed by Bishop, Alexander Lee, Shield, Knight, Neil Gow, Wallace, Frank Romer, Davy, Charles Horn, and Lord Mornington, and sung by Misses Poole, Kell, Eyles, and Isaacs (Rebecca); Messrs Land, Leffler, B. Frodsham, and Formes, to the perfect satisfaction of all those who relish a smoking dish of national ditties, and as we do not profess to be of that number, to our own absolute indifference.

We have left Ernst last because he is the first in name, attraction and merit; and it was said that "the first shall be last." Ernst again experienced a tumultuous reception. The "many-headed" enjoy his performances more than ever. They "rise at him," as the pit was wont to do at Kean the Elder, and Braham the Elder, in their time. As Ernst is an emperor among the chosen few, so is he a god among the mixed multitude. He plays to their hearts as well as their ears, and flatters their feelings while improving their tastes. Ernst is the great master, the predominating genius, no matter where he plays. He appears, and as by a tacit and universal consent, the mob of ballad-mongers are hushed into unanimous respect. Here is one, they say, whom we listen to as to an orator. And what orator more inspired than Ernst, with his fiddle for a tongue? He can make the crowd or cry, or laugh, or shout with ecstasy, as it pleases him. He possesses that secret as deeply as Paganini, and uses it as well. Like O'Connell and Hamlet, Ernst can be the delight of an intellectual circle, and the spirit that sways the mob, as the wind sways a field of corn, with equal ease. He has but to choose his scene of action.

Ernst played first his fantasia on airs from *Il Pirata*, one of the best, most popular, and most brilliant of his solos. His singing of the "Tu vedrai" was so tender and passionate, that we were half persuaded that some fairy had changed Rubini into a violin, and that he was singing, in his wooden prison, a pathetic appeal to the cruel fairy for deliverance. But it was not Rubini. It was Ernst, which was better still.

We have already said so much of Ernst's powers of execution, that we may be spared further allusion to them. Our readers well know, without our telling them, how the master accomplishes the almost impossible difficulties of the *Pirata fantasia*. We must here, however, express a wish that the solo pieces were better rehearsed. Good as is the band in other matters, it is always too coarse, too loud, and generally imperfect in these.

The other piece of Ernst was the "Carnival." The "Carnival" again, and again the same furore, the same recalls, the same encore, the same excitement.

A word with Mr. Stammers to conclude. What was the use of Mendelssohn writing the finest concerto (not excepting Beethoven's) ever composed for the violin, if Ernst does not play it? And what is the use of Mr. Stammers having engaged the most accomplished violinist ever born (not excepting Paganini) if he does not invite him, nay, compel him (if force be necessary in such a cause) to play the finest of concertos at the London Wednesday Concerts? Mr. Stammers will say it is too long. No—it is not too long; but Mr. Stammers is too short (*sighted*) if he overlook it. *Verbum sat, sap.*—a word to Mr. Stammers will suffice. M. Jullien treated his public with a very fine performance on the two last movements of this concerto, by that admirable artist, Sainton, on a night when no less than two hours and a-half of mortal time and attention were bestowed upon Mendelssohn *slus*; what excuse, then, is there for Stammers?

The hall was again crammed to suffocation.

On the back of the *libellus* which gives the programme in detail, we perused the following announcement with mingled satisfaction and regret:—

"The directors of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS *le* leave to announce that obstacles of a private nature having prevented Mr. BRAHAM, SEN., from completing and carrying out the engagement arranged for him by his representatives in London, the directors, anxious to secure to their subscribers and the public the highest available talent, have entered into a further engagement with the unrivalled violinist, HERR ERNST."

Delighted as we are to know that Ernst will continue to play, our pleasure is dashed with disappointment at the barrier which prevents the "honoured veteran of English song" from once more appealing to the suffrages of his million staunch and devoted admirers.

*Item.*—At the next concert the celebrated Thalberg will make his first appearance this season.

#### JETTY TREFFZ.

This popular and fascinating vocalist, although scarcely rested from the fatigue of M. Jullien's arduous and uninterrupted season of five weeks, has already started with the enterprising *chef* on a series of provincial engagements. On Tuesday, Madlle. Jetty Treffz sang at Richmond, on Thursday at Brighton, and on Wednesday elsewhere, with invariable success. She will be as great a favorite in the provinces as in London.

#### VIVIER.

No sooner heard of than sought. We are able to inform our many fair enquirers that Vivier is engaged to play at Mr. Allcroft's annual concert, which shortly takes place. The great cornist will perform two solos. Vivier is also, we understand, in treaty with Mr. Stammers, for several concerts in the month of April. Vivier is likewise already engaged at divers provincial towns. Since his absence he has mastered

sundry novel effects of harmony and modulation, on his difficult and beautiful instrument, while his tone is, if possible, richer and more melodious than before. *C'est un artiste à tous crins, dont les principes sont de ne s'immiscer pas dans les effets d'autrui, comme certains quarantenaires du cor, aussi charnels que charnus, qui se choient de leur propre egoïsme comme des jouvenceaux rebarbatifs.*

#### READINGS FROM THE GERMAN MUSICAL LITERATURE

(Selected and Translated for the Musical World.)

#### MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A SKETCH BY ORTLEPP.

#### IV.—THE DELIVERY OF THE WORK.

HE, whose life draws to a close, generally sinks rapidly. Thus it was with Mozart also. During the days following his last walk in the fields, he worked so hard, that his wife was at last obliged to take the score away from him; whereupon Mozart, for two weeks, scarcely ever came home. It was painful to Constance to see him do nothing at all, and yet could she not prevail upon herself to encourage him to work. But one day Mozart came home in unusually good spirits; he kissed his Constance, stroked her cheeks, and—and—"but!"—and got back his score. Now the work was again resumed and progressed rapidly, in spite of the weakness and decay of the composer.

But some night there came, for the third time, a knock at the door, just when the clock struck twelve; and a voice inquired, "whether the Requiem was ready?"

"Soon," said Mozart to the unknown one in the dark cloak. "Perdonate, Signor, I am un poco malade ou egroté; *ma vita*, it seems, will *finire*; but I will *finire mon œuvre* before.—You understand me, dear friend; I shall die in a few days, but I'll see whether I can't finish the work before!"

"I bring another hundred ducats to day," said the black one.

"Pshaw! go away with your dirt!" replied Mozart; "I am already where I want neither gold nor silver! *Mais, mon ami*, do take once more a glass with me; I am just in the mind for it, and have also got a bottle of better stuff than last time—real genuine champagne, my boy."

"*Si vous plait, ich voglio, je suis un esprit* to some extent; but, *ich liebe*—I mean, I have no objection to—in short, I'll drink with you, Mozart; but I tell you, it will soon be over with you."

"I can do no more," said Mozart, handing the score over to the stranger; "if you want it finished apply to my pupil, Süssmeyer, and give him these scraps; he will be able to put them together in a manner of which I need not be ashamed."

"Long life as I wish you," replied the stranger; "I nevertheless cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that you will die to-morrow; therefore take this for your family!"

"Family! that's a word about which one may think much," said Mozart. "Well, give me the money. There are many fine melodies still in my head, but I feel how death already runs through my veins, and am not sorry for it either!"

Both spoke long and earnestly this night.

The next morning Mozart was dead! Salieri got the idea in his head of having poisoned him. But Salieri was an honest man, and for an artist no poison is necessary—they rot and decay without it.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

## HAYMARKET.

ON Monday, a new and original three-act drama, called *Loving Woman*, was brought out and met with success. It is from the pen of Mr. Mark Lemon, author of the popular domestic drama, *Gwyneth Vaughan*, *Old Parr*, and other minor works. That *Loving Woman* is "new and original" cannot be for a moment doubted; for the plot is so complicated, the incidents in general so spiritless, and the *denouement* so feeble and unsatisfactory, that they never could have recommended themselves to a translator or an adapter. The language occasionally rises to the poetical, more frequently floats on the surface of mediocrity, and not seldom sinks to the depths of bathos, as may be instanced in such lines as the following:—

"The wickedest thing on earth is Revenge."

The intention of the author appears to have been to show woman triumphant over all the miseries of the connubial life to which a husband's estrangement has submitted her. In attempting this, we do not think Mr. Mark Lemon has carried out his point. His two principal personages—at least the two he meant to make principal—are not made sufficiently prominent, and do not awake the interest of the audience to an extraordinary degree. In a three-act drama the author had not room enough to develop clearly the several characters which he has sketched with skill and tact, and it had been better for the piece had a few of these characters been made more subordinate. The characters were too many for the incidents. The parts of the amorous usurer, and the bankrupt merchant, are both conceived and drawn, to a certain extent, with vigour and point, but their paramount importance distracts the attention from the hero and heroine.

The argument we shall endeavour to render intelligible to the reader, without much hope of accomplishing our aim in unravelling so tangled a skein.

Ottillia (Mrs. Charles Kean), the ward of Wielfert (Mr. Howe) is about to be married to Rosen (Mr. Charles Kean). The play commences with a love scene between Ottillia and Rosen. Wielfert endeavours to dissuade Ottillia from the marriage, and, to the astonishment of the lady, declares that he himself loves her, and offers her his hand and wealth. The lady indeed had cause to be astonished with such an offer at such a moment. Ottillia leaves her guardian in a towering passion, and Wielfert vows vengeance against Rosen, and determines on his ruin by means of some pecuniary embarrassments into which the youthful bridegroom had been unwittingly involved, through some clause in his mother's will. Wielfert brings up certain unpaid bonds of Rosen, and on the day of the marriage enters the festal room, seizes on the house and furniture, and turns the newly-wedded pair out of doors to seek another home. Ottillia is possessed of a fortune of some thirty thousand crowns, which has been settled on herself by the advice of Wielfert; but the husband is represented as so deeply imbued with the feeling of independence, or honour, or some subtle spirit which common sense cannot recognise, as to lose half his brains, and all his devotion to his wife and confidence in her, at the bare thought of living on her bounty. The morality or purport of this escapes us altogether. In the end, Ottillia agrees to a divorce, which Rosen suggested in a fit of jealousy, and having obtained the marriage settlement bond, tears it in pieces, throws herself at her late husband's feet, and entreates forgiveness and restoration to his arms. All ends happily,

except for Wielfert, who is detected in sundry villainies and carried off to prison to await his doom.

The *denouement* is built on a sandy foundation. If Rosen were dependent, living on his wife's fortune when it was settled on herself, how could he feel less dependent living on the same fortune because a husband's right, there being no marriage settlement, left it at his disposal?

There is an underplot, in which one Herrman (Mr. James Wallack) is the principal actor. This elder personage enters in the first act in rags, and in the third appears costumed as a wealthy and substantial burgher; though how the change is brought about is never explained. Herrman has been expelled from the country through the instrumentality of Wielfert, who, to get some money left him by his father, had him accused of high treason. He wanders about the world begging for twenty years, and at last, by means of a dying old woman, is informed of the existence of certain documents, and their place of hiding, which shall restore him to home and wealth. He obtains the papers from a wine-cellar in Wielfert's house, and discovers that Rosen is his son.

The character of Herrman is well drawn, but the incidents in which he is involved are too forced, and smack of the melodramatic school.

But the piece has merit, notwithstanding. One or two of the scenes are very striking, and the story, though weakened and mutilated in parts, progresses with interest to the end.

The *Loving Woman* was admirably played throughout. We have seldom witnessed three parts in any piece supported with greater effect than Ottillia, Rosen, and Hermann by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean and Mr. James Wallack. Mrs. Kean, we think, might have had a more prominent part to sustain; but the main interest of the drama rested with her, and most artistically did she awaken it, and keep it alive in the breast of the audience, from the beginning to end. The unaffected truthfulness and pathos of the charming actress was manifested in every scene.

Mr. Charles Kean's part was not unthankful, but it was wanting in importance. His love scenes were exceedingly tender and passionate; and the fretfulness and irritability in the last act, were finely put on. Hermann is, we fancy, the best drawn character in the drama, and we hardly ever saw Mr. James Wallack to greater advantage in any part of this class. His costume and deportment, in the first scene, as the beggared merchant, were perfect in their way. He played throughout with a spirit and a tact that could not be surpassed.

Mr. Howe performed the amorous guardian with excellent effect, and assumed the old man with great propriety.

The piece was honoured with considerable applause, and was followed by the usual energetic demonstrations and general recalls.

On Tuesday, the new drama, in one act, called *King René's Daughter*, was produced after the *Loving Woman*. We have already alluded to this piece, and the reader is made acquainted with the plot from our notice of the New Strand Theatre version in our last number. It is enough, therefore, to state that the story is identical in both versions, the adapters having closely followed the incidents and language of the German poet, Henric Herz.

In the Haymarket bills, *King René's Daughter* is styled "A New Lyric Dramatic Sketch"—but it contains no music, nor is the dialogue in verse.

The popularity of the new drama may be gathered from the fact of its being performed nightly at two different theatres. So great was the sensation produced in Dublin by the "Dramatic Sketch," that several managers of the London theatres imme-



diately projected the bringing it out; and we are informed that other theatres, besides the Haymarket and New Strand, will shortly submit it to the public. At the Princess's we are led to expect a new opera, founded on the story of *King René's Daughter*. The music is from the pen of Mr. W. H. Bellamy, the author of "Pestal," and other well-known songs.

The performance of *King René's Daughter* at the Haymarket is wanting in nothing. The cast is exceedingly strong. Mrs. Charles Kean is Iolanthe; Mr. Charles Kean, Count Tristan of Vaudemont; Mr. James Wallack, King René; Mr. Butler Wentworth, Sir Almeric; Mr. Webster, Sir Geoffrey of Orange; Mr. Howe, Ebn Jahia, the Moorish Physician; Mr. Rogers, Bertrand; and Miss P. Horton, Martha, Iolanthe's attendant. The one scene through which the piece runs its course is very beautiful, and admirably put upon the stage. We have hardly ever seen anything in scenic painting and getting-up better. The dresses, especially the second dress of the Count Tristan, and his armed followers in glittering mail, are extremely splendid.

Mrs. Charles Kean has added a new triumph to her catalogue of achievements. Her personation of the gentle blind girl is one of the most beautiful and striking of all her performances. Her motions and attitudes are most strikingly real, and there is a tenderness in her voice that tells uncomplainingly of some deep calamity, which goes to the very heart of the listener. The whole character is assumed with wonderful intelligence; and the astonishment and fear which seizes on Iolanthe upon the restoration of her sight, are depicted with a power and an acute feeling derived from observation, which none but an artist of a high order could conceive or embody. The character is eminently beautiful, and its personification by Mrs. Charles Kean one of the happiest performances of modern times.

If we have any objection to find in the completeness of the drama it is to the introduction of the SACRED NAME too frequently. Even in a story which is so thoroughly pure and unmixed with base alloy as *King René's Daughter*, there must be felt a shrinking from prayers, apostrophes, and appeals to the Godhead. In music we do not encounter this feeling. Strains of harmony are, as it were, apologies, not for irreverence, certainly, but for upward supplications. We have alluded to this, as we deem it, weakness in the drama, because we could not help perceiving that Iolanthe's prayer was not received by the audience with the enthusiasm the author expected, and that the feeling generated thereby did not tend to increase the success of the performance.

Mr. Charles Kean was admirable in the small part of the youthful and enthusiastic Count. Mr. James Wallack did the most for the old King—his assumption of age was genuinely artistic. Mr. Webster filled out the light character of Sir Geoffrey with true comic touches; and the parts of the Moorish Leech and the attendant were cleverly sustained by Mr. How and Miss P. Horton.

The *Loving Woman* and *King René's Daughter* are being played every night to full houses.

#### OLYMPIC.

THE complete demolition of the Olympic theatre by fire must be still fresh in the memory of all who take an interest in theatrical matters. The event seems to have been but of yesterday, yet now we have a new and splendid edifice ready to open on "boxing-night."

On Thursday night the Olympic was lighted up and exhibited to a select party of visitors, and the effect was magnificent. The fronts of the gallery and boxes are adorned

with arabesque painting, in which a high degree of elaboration is combined with the most perfect appearance of lightness. The ceiling is in the same style, and is divided into four compartments, containing allegorical representation of the four seasons.

The drop-scene, representing a decorated Italian *loggia*, much in the style of a drop-scene exhibited in Covent Garden some years ago, is quite in keeping with the rest of the decorations, and is one of the most elegant works of the kind now to be seen in London. It is the production of Messrs. Dayes and Gordon.

One great objection to the old edifice was the circumstance that all the entrances were from Wych Street. The opening of the gallery entrance in Newcastle Street is an improvement by which this will be obviated.

#### MR. WILLY'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE second of these took place at the small room in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday night.

The programme was selected with judgment, and included specimens of four of the great masters, which offered a favourable opportunity of contrasting the peculiarities of their styles. The large pieces were Haydn's violin quartet in G, Op. 81; Beethoven's pianoforte trio in the same key, with his sonata in A minor, for violin and piano, Op. 23 (not the grand one dedicated to Kreutzer); and Mozart's second quintet in G minor, for stringed instruments. The executants in the quartet were Messrs. Willy and Zerbini (first and second violins), Waud (tenor), and Reed (violinello); the same gentlemen, with the assistance of Mr. Webb (the second tenor), played the quintet. The latter is one of Mozart's finest compositions; the passionate beauty of his style was never more glowingly developed than in the first three movements, while his grace and playfulness are happily demonstrated in the last. The performance, on the whole, was satisfactory. Mr. Willy's mechanism is perfect; he plays with the greatest energy and point, and enters with zeal into the spirit of the composer. Mr. Zerbini is a very good second violin, and Mr. Reed, who is rapidly attaining excellence as a violoncellist, supplied the place of his great contemporary, Signor Piatti (who was announced in the bills), with much credit to himself. The only weakness was in the two tenors, which are of vast importance in this quintet; neither the tone nor the delicacy required was remarked in the gentlemen who otherwise carefully executed the parts intrusted to them. The A minor sonata, which, though one of the best of the lighter ones of Beethoven, is seldom performed, was doubly welcome at the hands of two such players as Messrs. Sterndale Bennett and Willy. But, perhaps, the greatest treat of the whole concert was Mr. Bennett's delightful performance of some of the *Lieder ohne worte* (songs without words), those universal favourites which have carried the name of Mendelssohn into almost every part of the globe where the pianoforte is cultivated. Mr. Bennett played two from the 3rd book (in E flat and A flat), and one from the 6th (the rapid movement in C major). He was enthusiastically recalled, but, instead of repeating the same melodies, he played two others—the short one in E, from the second book, and the fresh and buoyant "Spring Song," (in A), from the fifth, which gave equal pleasure, and were applauded with equal warmth. Some vocal pieces, by the Misses Williams, were introduced, to vary the programme. Miss A. Williams gave the popular ballad from Macfarren's *King Charles II.*, "She shines before me like a star," so well as to obtain an encore; and the two

sisters together sang a new duet by Wallace, "May morning," which, though unusually difficult, offered no obstacle to those clever vocalists. Besides these, there was Mendelssohn's brilliant song, in B flat, "The Charmer" (by Miss A. Williams), and Winter's smooth duet, "Vaghi colli," which might reasonably be laid on the shelf. Mr. W. Lovell Phillips accompanied the vocal music with his usual ability.

There were nearly 400 persons in the room, who, to judge from their attention and applause, thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed the entertainment which Mr. Willy had provided for them.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ON Monday evening last a concert was given at the Theatre Royal, for which the following artistes were engaged:—Madame Sontag, Miss Whitnall, Signori Calzolari, F. Lablache, Piatti, and Mr. Percival. The prices were moderate on this occasion, viz., 7s., 5s., 4s., and 2s., yet the house was not crowded. The artistes were all dressed in deep mourning. Madame Sontag looked better than ever. She sang exquisitely throughout the evening, and was encored five times. Her first aria was De Beriot's "Prendi per me," but this fell flat on the audience, as did also "Bel raggio," the obligato accompaniment to which was beautifully played by Piatti. The first piece in which Madame Sontag created a sensation was the duet, "Da qual di," from *Linda*, with Calzolari, in which the ensemble, "O consolarmi," was given with the utmost sweetness and purity, and loudly encored. In the second part the audience were "all ears," to hear the air, "With verdure clad," from the *Creation*. This fine melody exactly suits Madame Sontag's voice and style, and was of course encored. Some persons near me said she did not sing it so well as Jenny Lind, but I was of another opinion. She was also encored in the prayer (in A flat) from *Der Frieschutz* (in which Piatti's violoncello was again happily prominent), and substituted for it Rode's air with variations, which admirable display of florid execution, the utmost perfection of delicacy and neatness, was the greatest hit of the evening; at its conclusion the applause was uproarious. Madame Sontag next sang the duet, "Giorno d'orrore," from *Semiramide*, with Miss Whitnall, the ladies' voices blending admirably; the duet went off with great éclat. Sontag's last song, "Home, sweet Home," was of course encored, an honour the vocalist well merited, since she gave the ballad with true feeling, pronouncing the English very distinctly. Calzolari sang several well known operatic morceaux, and was encored in "Come è gentil." Miss Whitnall sang a new ballad, written by Charles Swain, Esq., of Manchester, the music composed by Mr. George Hargreave, one of our local musicians. It was entitled "When the purse is full," and was sung very effectively. Both the words and music have merit. One of the greatest treats of the evening was the violoncello playing of Signor Piatti, who is a deserved favourite in this town. His first piece was a fantasia on themes from *Sonnambula*, and his second a fantasia on themes from *Linda*. Signor Piatti displayed to eminent advantage his powerful command of the instrument, and the delicious quality of his tone, which to my thinking has never been surpassed. Applause was liberally bestowed upon both his performances. Mr. Percival, a clever and rising young artist, played two solos on the flute; the first was exceedingly well received, but the second had to contend with Rode's variations, which had just been sung by Madame Sontag, and damped all that followed.

The annual examination of the pupils at the Collegiate Institution, receiving musical instruction under the training of Richard Crowe, Esq., took place the other night in the lecture-hall of the College. The attendance, as usual on these occasions, was exceedingly numerous. The programme embraced music of every variety, and the pupils acquitted themselves in such a way as to show a marked improvement over last year's examination. The national anthem

concluded the performance, the chorus sung by the audience standing.

It is intended to open the new organ, now in course of erection at the Collegiate Institution, to-morrow week, when a series of sixteen *soirées musicales* will be given, consisting of two grand performances on the new instrument, two lectures on the capabilities of the organ, with illustrations, three oratorios, and nine miscellaneous concerts. Mr. Henry Smart, of St. Luke's, London, (one of the finest organists and most accomplished musicians in England) will preside at the organ. Principal vocalists, Miss Helen Taylor, R.A.M., London; Miss Collins, of London; Mr. D. Miranda and Mr. W. H. Seguin, R.A.M., of the Temple, London; assisted by a chorus. Herr Wehle (pianoforte), Mr. Percival, flautist, Mr. E. F. Smith, organist and accompanist. Sir H. R. Bishop, Professor of Music, Oxon, who has liberally offered his gratuitous services, will conduct the oratorios. The oratorio evenings will comprise the *Messiah*, selections from the *Stabat Mater*, the *Creation*, and *Judas Maccabeus*. The organ is in a forward state. Mr. R. Jackson, of this town, is the builder; the specification for the instrument being furnished by Mr. E. J. Hopkins, of the Temple Church, and approved by that eminent organist, Mr. Thomas Adams, of St. Dunstan's.

Last Wednesday evening the Apollo Glee Club gave their "Ladies' first evening concert," in the large room of the Adelphi Hotel. About a hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled on the occasion. The chair was taken by Arthur Holme, Esq. The vocalists, who are the practical members of the club, were Mrs. G. Holden, soprano; Miss Fairhurst, contralto; Messrs. Boothby and G. Holden, jun., alto; Messrs. Evans and Mellor, tenor; and Messrs. Roberts and Armstrong, bass. Mr. George Holden presided at the pianoforte, and was assisted by his pupil, Master Skeaf. It is a rule of the club that their performances shall always commence with Webbe's glee, "Glorious Apollo," which was adhered to on this occasion. The meetings of this club are held at the Adelphi Hotel, on the second and fourth Wednesday in each month, at half-past seven o'clock, and visitors are admitted on the introduction of a member. The club, necessarily limited in numbers, its general meetings participating more of the social than the public character, is one of the oldest musical societies in Liverpool. Its prosperity was never greater than at the present time.

Mrs. H. Beale has commenced a series of classical chamber concerts at the Assembly Rooms, St. George Street, for which the assistance of Mr. Willy, the well-known London violinist, is secured. At the first concert a *sestet* of Onslow, a quartet of Beethoven (No. 1, in F), a pianoforte trio of Mendelssohn (No. 2, in C minor) and a quartet of Haydn (No. 63, in D), were performed. Mrs. H. Beale is a pianist, and exhibited her abilities in the trio of Mendelssohn (with Messrs. Willy and Haddock), and in a brilliant duet of Osborne and Dr. Beriot from *Guillaume Tell*, with Mr. Willy. The other performers were Messrs. Haddock, G. Haddock, Lawson, and Saunders. There was also some vocal music, by Misses Stott and E. Stott, from Lachner, Neidermeyer, Vaccaj, and Kücken—not a very interesting selection, by the way. These concerts should be encouraged. Such things cannot but do good, in town or country.

J. H. N.

##### MUSIC AT CHELTENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Assembly Rooms were filled with a fashionable audience on Thursday evening, the occasion being Mr. Alban Croft's second Subscription Musical Evening. The performers were Mrs. Alexander Newton, from the London Wednesday Concerts, Mrs. Alban Croft, and Mr. G. Marshall, as vocalists; and Mr. G. Von Holst (harp), Mr. Cianchettini and Mr. Hamilton Croft (piano), and Mr. R. Blagrove (concertina), instrumentalists.

Mrs. Alexander Newton, who made her first appearance in Cheltenham, was the star of the evening, and sustained all that had been stated of her in the London journals. This lady has a *soprano* voice of brilliant quality and great flexibility. She displays a considerable amount of dramatic feeling, and eschews, in her singing, that apathetic manner, which many vocalists consider enjoined by the decorum of the concert room.



Mrs. A. Newton's first essay was in Bishop's song, "Lo! here the gentle lark," which she delivered with purity of tone and great expression. Her brilliancy of tone, mentioned above, was particularly noticeable in this song. The fair artist was encored, and in the repetition created even more effect. She was joined in the duet from the *Prophète*, "Della Mosa," by Mrs. Alban Croft, which was received with great applause, albeit Mrs. Alban Croft was hardly equal to the depth of voice required for the second voice, that of Fides.

Mendelssohn's charming characteristic duet, "The May Bells," cleverly executed by Mrs. A. Newton and Mrs. Alban Croft, and encored.

The same compliment was paid to Mrs. A. Newton's "Una Voce," which the fair artist vocalised with ease and fluency. Mrs. A. Newton, however, did not respond to the encore, in consequence of the fatigue created by her previous efforts.

Mr. Cianchettini played a fantasia on the piano in the good old solid style of execution; though the performance seemed by no means deficient in that mechanical dexterity which has wrought so great a reformation in pianoforte playing. Mr. Cianchettini was heartily and vigorously applauded. He is an old and worthy servant of the public.

There was a large assortment of vocal performances, none of which I consider deserving of especial comment.

Mr. G. Von Holst was encored in a solo on the harp, and Mr. R. Blagrove was similarly honoured in a concertina fantasia; Mr. Blagrove is an excellent player on this instrument. His concertina was forced to do service for the flute in the *obligato* accompaniment to "Lo! here the gentle lark." I must confess, no disparagement to Mr. R. Blagrove's playing, than which nothing of the kind could be more finished and tasteful, I should have preferred the flute.

Mr. Cianchettini acted as conductor.

#### MUSIC AT CORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE operatic company closed their short and successful engagement on Saturday night, and have left for Dublin, where they are to appear to-night. We feel perfectly sure that the public of Cork are well satisfied with the varied entertainments of last week, during which as many as five operas, two of them new to a Cork audience, were performed; and that Mr. Reeves, who was the organiser of the company, and the responsible party in bringing them to this city, is equally satisfied with the reception which he has met, and the result of his speculation. We seldom remember a succession of fuller houses than those of last week. On two occasions numbers left the house, finding it impossible to get accommodation in box, pit, or gallery. On Saturday evening, the last night of the company's appearance, the crowd was so excessive, especially in the gallery, that interruptions were frequent, and movement continual and irritating. Verdi's opera of *Ernani* was produced on Friday and with effect, considering the short time allowed for preparation, rehearsal, and drilling the chorus. The leading characters were well sustained of *Ernani*. On Saturday the performances were commenced with *Lucia di Lamermoor*. In spite of evident cold and indisposition Mr. Reeves struggled manfully through his part, although so incapable did he feel himself to proceed at the close of the second act, he would have thrown himself upon the indulgence of the audience, had he not been withheld by the idea of their being annoyed at any disappointment in the performance. Still, in spite of his illness, he not only persevered in getting through the concluding scene of *Lucia*, but sang nearly all the part of Macheath, in the *Beggar's Opera*, very charmingly. Miss Lucombe sang her best, and played with spirit and feeling. She has made a decided impression upon the good people of Cork, with whom she has become a favourite. Mr. Whitworth sustained his reputation by his Silva of Friday, and Colonel Ashton of Saturday evening. The responsibility of management belonged to this gentleman, who acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the public. Miss Lanza sang the part of Polly in the *Beggar's Opera* effectively.

#### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 797.)

"NOMEN SCRIPTORIS EST THOMAS PLENUS AMORIS."

WARTON, *Hist. Eng., Poet. l.*, 140.

"The name of the writer is Tommy,  
Och! he is the joker that likes the soft pretty girls;  
Well known for his slanders on Byron and Sheridan,  
Also for libels on lords, and ladies, and earls."

Μεγάλη θάυμαται ΜΩΡΟΝ.

Diog. Laert. vi., cap. 2.

*A Book of Miracles for Mr. Moore.*

"Methinks I see you smile,  
before you 'gin to reede,  
At this same title of my tale,  
but for you shall not neede,  
To marvaile at the same:  
first reede it to the end,  
And mark you still through all the tale,  
whereto each point doth tend.  
And you shall see, I hope,  
that this same title serves  
Fit for this tale, els sure my mind  
from reason greatly swerves."

*The Schoole of Fancies; by N. B.*

The eighteenth century was the grand era of literary forgery and book mysteries. It stands alone and unrivalled by any preceding century. The sixth was signalized, it is true, by the publication of the Koran—a publication fraught with incidents by which the fate of millions has been decided; but the number and character of the swindlers of the last age render it, in my opinion, more disgraceful, if not more remarkable even, than that which witnessed the dawn of the Mahometan Bible. Our grandsires seemed to put great confidence in such books as were ushered into the world enveloped in darkness and mysteriousness. We know what has kept alive the fame of "The Whole Duty of Man"—the author of which has never been discovered. Their own intrinsic merits might, probably, have extended to a second or third, or perhaps sixth edition, the inimitable compositions of Junius, but they would have wanted the splendour which now burns around them, had the author been positively ascertained. "The Pursuits of Literature," so long as they were unclaimed, attracted the attention of the whole of England. Public inquiry was universally aroused; the press teemed with pamphlets, and the periodicals with speculations respecting the unknown writer. Once proved to be the work of Matthias, they fell into disrepute and obscurity, and are now seldom to be found. The pretended "History of Formosa" was the earliest forgery imposed on the past century. It was followed by Curl, the bookseller, who published, as genuine letters of Mr. Pope and his friends, some garret-written epistles, destitute of fire, or fancy, or even common sense. The surreptitious publication of Lord Bolingbroke's "Letters on History," by Pope himself, came close upon the heels of the last named trick. This was succeeded by the "Turkish Spy," and Lauder's sacrilegious thrusts at the memory of John Milton. The "Letters from the Levant,"<sup>\*</sup> attributed once pretty generally to the virtuous Lady Mary Montague, but now more than suspected to have been written for her by Cleland, the notorious author of "Fanny Hill," a heroine of the same stamp as her ladyship, forms the next link in the chain of imposture. A hardy Caledonian, speculating on fame and profit, in the solitude of his library, spent his hours extracting from writers of every rank, language, and denomination, the most remarkable passages and similes. These he afterwards patched up together, and the Ossian forgeries were palmed upon the world as the genuine offspring of a minstrel who flourished contemporaneously with the dawn of Christian truth. Horace Walpole came next. His "Castle of Otranto," despite the solemn asseverations of that fastidious finical gentleman, that the work was

\* It is amusing to peruse the critique of old Gibbon, on these celebrated letters. It is just such as one would expect from this Silenus of Historians. "J'ai lu aussi les Lettres de Lady Mary Wortley Montague, qui viennent de paroître. C'est la relation d'un voyage où elle suivit son mari ambassadeur à Constantinople. Elles sont assez légères et amusantes. Ce que j'aime le mieux, c'est ce qu'elle dit de l'intérieur des maisons, où jamais homme n'a pénétré."—Extraits du Journal.

found "in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and that it was first printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529," was soon discovered to be a gross and impudent forgery of his own. The contempt into which both it and its author have since fallen, is an honourable instance of merited retribution and chastisement. Then came the Chattertonian manuscripts, the only monuments of great poetical genius to which, with the exception of Burns, the latter half of the eighteenth century can point with pride. These for a time deceived minds of the greatest acuteness; but the youth and poverty of the wondrous author have successfully pleaded his apology with posterity. The Shakspeare forgeries I have before alluded to. The mantle of the impostor, Ireland, has since then descended upon the impostor Moore, and he has proved himself a worthy recipient of the same. May he be the last of my countrymen found base enough to imitate so flagitious an example.

An age so prolific of premeditated schemes on the literary public has seldom or never appeared. Happily the taste for such amusements has since died away, and we are now seldom treated to publications, the authenticity of which even the simple-minded, all-believing, Parson Adams might be inclined to suspect. The only attempt to revive so disreputable a custom, has been made by our Sloperton man. I do not hesitate to say that it fully emulates the worst of these scandalous forgeries which I have enumerated; and that no very long period will elapse before "Lalla Rookh" and the other impositions of this writer will be consigned to the same slough in which the forgeries of Lauder, and Ireland, and Psalmanazzar now ingloriously rest. May we, before the falling of the curtain on Tom Moore's life, hope for a finale similar to the last-named of these persons? George Psalmanazzar was himself the first to come forward and confess that mankind had been his dupes; that he had foully paltered with their enthusiasm and credulity. He owned, with the sincerest contrition, the crimes that he had committed, and solemnly resolved, by the harmlessness and virtues of his future years, to atone for his rascally practices. *He did so.* He became an honest member of society, and never alluded to his former misdeeds without tears of heartfelt repentance. It is not yet too late for the transcriber of "Lalla Rookh" to imitate so laudable an example. Let him fall down on his marrowbones and openly confess himself a plagiarist, dunce, and thief of the most unblushing dishonesty.

The world is indulgent, even to the most elderly sinners, when they reform; and I myself will be the first to come to the little man's assistance. But if he will still continue hardened and daring to the last, like the notorious pair of impostors above mentioned, Lauder and Ireland, or those criminal miscreants, Thurtell and Courvoisier (whose ghost still haunts the soul of Charley Phillips), I feel justified in prophesying that another age, viewing him with unprejudiced eyes, will pronounce him a worthy associate of the forgery junto, and erase his name for ever from the starry catalogue of England's poets.

Modern genius may be aptly defined as "the art of expressing old thoughts in new words." There was a monster called Chastity, says Juvenal, in the age of Saturn—there was a prodigy called Novelty of Imagery, say I, in the æra of Hesiod. With a few grand exceptions, it has not shone out since. Books are now read solely for the purpose of stealing, or of sleep. Instruction one cannot hope to meet, for all the old truths are inwoven with our first rudiments. Nature herself was the preceptress of the men of old; we are but the disciples of disciples—the mere servile copyists of those who learned in her majestic school.

"Write what we will, our works bespeak us  
Imitators servum pecus;  
The proverb still sticks closely by us,  
Nil dictum quod non dictum prius.  
So, (the similitude is trite)"

\* Trite enough in all conscience. Even that sycophantic proser, whose religion was tuft-hunting, and whose paradise was a nobleman's dinner-table—Young, the Nightman—has copied the thought from poor Lloyd.

"Compare it to the Moon,  
Dark in herself, and indigent, but rich  
In borrowed lustre from a higher sphere."  
Third Night, v. 424.

The Moon still shines with borrowed light,  
And, like the race of modern beaux,  
Ticks with the Sun for her laced clothes."—LLOYD.

I never look on a library that I am not struck with the notion of its being a vast receiving-house for stolen goods. He who pilfers most and best, now-a-days, succeeds best; and that inquisitive French critic, who contemplated a work *repi-tant* *avant* *expirer*, or about things that were said only once, had he not given up the task in disgust and despair, would, instead of compiling a pompous folio, have found his discoveries dwindle into a very few slim octavo pages. Happy is it for writers that mankind are of an easy disposition, and are not very much displeased with a well-dressed dish of deceit. Happy is it for them that double readers have short memories and insatiable appetites; so that when old joints are served up in new sauces, they either do not discover that they have been eating them ever since they were able to chew, or else they console themselves with the thought that they are the best to be had, and will serve for the present hour as well as finer and more expensive meats. Only for the critics, the condition of an author on this earth would realize the fancied glories of Elysium.

I have said that books are read only that they may be priggish from; in other words that they may be made instruments of plagiarism. Plagiarism, in its restricted sense, is the art of robbing authors. I have always been inclined to extend its meaning, and to define it generally as the art of Rebberry. I see no difference between plagiarising another man's metaphors and plagiarising his pocket-handkerchief. Both are felonies, and I have little doubt—I speak advisedly—that both are equally punishable by the laws of England. That plagiarism itself was once an indictable offence is clearly proved by its etymology, from *plaga*, a stripe. The punishment inflicted for the crime was a flogging at the cart's tail, and by the common hangman, through the most public thoroughfares, and the condemned poet was ever afterwards called Plagiarius, or one who has been whipped for stealing—as a soldier who has been once cat-o'-nine-tailed is christened "Lobster-back" for the rest of his existence. How heartily do I wish that this ancient fashion of punishment were revived, and that London would have the pleasure of seeing ——— whipped through the Row, while Calcraft flourished his leathern whip above his head, making the welkin ring with the ragamuffin's shouts, and the kennel run with his homuncular blood.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the system which exists of issuing tickets for the popular concerts at Exeter Hall, for what are called "reserved seats," at the price of 4s. The purchasers of these tickets are led to believe that places are really reserved to them (as indeed the name implies), whereas, unless one goes very early, there is no possibility of obtaining a seat at all. Such a state of things ought not to be, and the public should not be deceived in this manner, with the idea that there are really reserved seats.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN AMATEUR.

London, Dec. 20th.

[Our pages are open to any reply Mr. Stammers may think proper to make.—Ed. "M. W."]

HUBERT LEBLANC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—You will confer a great favor by having the kindness to state where, and in what form, the writings of Hubert Leblanc can be obtained. This author is quoted by Baillot, in his *L'Art du Violin*, page 5, note 1; and page 141, note 3—*Hubert Lablance, Defense de Viole contre les entreprises du Violon*. Also, if the notices de Mr. Fayole, sur Corelli, Tartini, Viotti, &c., are to be found in a separate work, or have only been published in some Musical Review.

Hoping you will pardon this intrusion, I remain a

CONSTANT READER.

Edinburgh, 14th December, 1849.

[We think the works of Hubert Leblanc may be seen in the library of the British Museum. But we will make enquiries in the right place, and perhaps next week may be able to inform our correspondent. Meanwhile, perhaps, some of our readers may be able and willing to throw a light on the subject.—Ed. M. W.]

## OPERATIC STARS.

NO. XV.

## ANGRI.

It is a common saying that "it never rains but it pours," and there are few persons who, in their time, have not met with frequent exemplifications of the quaint old adage.\* The history of the Italian opera shows that a first-rate *contralto* is among the *rara aves* of vocalists. Pisaroni was the first of that class who visited this country, but her *personnel* was found disagreeable to the Venus-seeking *habitués* of the King's theatre—now Her Majesty's—and the exquisite tones, dramatic force, and superb style of the singer were found insufficient to make amends for unpleasing features and a plain figure. Alas, for keen eyes and opera glasses! they have their diseases as well as their utilities. They were instrumental in banishing from England one of the brightest ornaments that ever adorned the operatic stage.

Pisaroni came to London somewhere about the year anno Domini 1825-6-7—"I like to be particular in dates"—and, having excited admiration in musicians and the dim-sighted only, left in utter disgust with her reception, never to greet with her presence our shores again.

After some years, the loss of Pisaroni was supplied by Marietta Brambilla, an admirable *artiste* and singer, who, in her line, reigned paramount for nearly ten years. But Brambilla, although she preserved her position without rivalry during that period, fell short of a great dramatic singer, and, in characters of the first class, created a moderate sensation only. Time and her charming style and method made her an undoubted favourite with the public, and we find no *contralto* who had the power or ability to push her from her stool, until the splendid talents of Alboni outshone and put to flight all former *contraltos*, even as the sun outshines and puts to flight the lessening stars, and makes them "hide their diminished heads." The Pisaronis and Brambillas were lost in the transcendent lustre of Alboni, and their very memories blotted out for ever.

For two years Alboni remained the sole star that ruled predominant in her own sphere. In the third year of her coming to this country a new *contralto* was announced, who, it was fondly averred, would share her laurels, if not win some of them from her radiant brow; but the third year has flitted by, and Alboni still retains the pre-eminence which was awarded her at first.

But, because Alboni must be acknowledged the very greatest of *contralti*, it needs not be assumed that Elena Angri, her so-called rival star, has not merits of her own which would elevate her to the rank of eminent artists; and, indeed, however highly we may prize the talents of the first singer, though comparisons must inevitably force themselves on us, we must not be led to depreciate the latter, because she happens to be inferior. To be inferior to Alboni is the lot of some of the most renowned vocalists of the present day, and we are therefore not necessarily abstracting from the merits of Angri in saying that she falls short of Alboni.

It was a most unfortunate circumstance for Angri that she came to England so soon after Alboni, and still more unfortunate that she should have appeared in most of the characters in which the great *contralto-soprano* had achieved her brilliant successes. In estimating the relative merits of the two artistes,

\* After a dearth of *contralto* vocalists for several years on the Italian stage, we suddenly discover in the musical hemisphere two stars of the first magnitude—Alboni and Angri—and one which has just appeared on the verge of the horizon—the youthful De Meric.

to such as would do justice to both, this consideration should not be overlooked.

Of Angri's life and career it is not necessary to speak in a mere critical abstract of her vocal and dramatic powers. We are told that she was born in one of the Ionian Islands, that her father was an Italian, and her mother a Grecian. It is stated that she gave early indications of great vocal powers, that her studies were desultory, and that she selected the stage as her profession more from necessity than choice. She sang for many years at Vienna, and in the Austrian and Germanic States, where it seems she created a *furor*, and was ultimately engaged by the Emperor Nicholas for the opera at St. Petersburg, where she joined Rubini, Tamburini, Pauline Garcia, &c., &c. The fame she achieved in the capital of the snows soon reached England, and upon the secession of Alboni from the Covent Garden *troupe*, she was engaged last season to supply her place.\* She made her first appearance as Arsace, in *Semiramide*—the same character in which Alboni debuted—and achieved an unmistakeable success.

Whatever differences of opinion there might have been respecting Angri's voice and style of vocalisation, none existed in regard to her dramatic fire and energy. Upon this point her *admirers* were loud and strenuous in their praise, and insisted that she surpassed all her predecessors.\*

Angri's voice can hardly be called a true *contralto*. The middle notes are even and sweet, but the upper notes are hard, and the lower deficient in power. The range is extensive, however, and enables the artist to sing *mezzo soprano* parts with ease. The flexibility of Angri's voice is very great, and often leads her to indulge in extravagant flights of *floriture*, which are more surprising than pleasing. The rapidity of her execution is proverbial, but the absence of delicacy and want of finish—her besetting sin—frequently militate against all her efforts. In Angri's singing we too often perceive a want of art, which makes us regret that she had not studied more, or that she had attempted so much. At times she approaches the verge of the highest excellence, but too often she strives only to disappoint. With all these deficiencies and faults, there is much that is striking and decidedly original in Angri's singing. The spirit and energy she infuses into her performance makes us overlook many failings, and the brilliancy and rapidity of her embellishments leaves us no room to ponder and criticise. That the artiste might effect more than she does, had she more skill, is evidenced by occasional efforts in which we could in vain seek for more perfect vocalisation, or a purer taste; but these efforts are so rarely met with that it must be acknowledged her taste is vitiated and her style unfinished.

Madlle. Angri's dramatic talent, although instinct with most of the faults of her singing, is of a far higher order. The artist exhibits great histrionic capabilities, and both in tragedy and comedy is entitled to praise. In the former line, which has been pronounced her forte, she had but one opportunity at the Royal Italian Opera of displaying her excellence, *viz.*, in Arsace in *Semiramide*, and this was undeniably her greatest performance. She acted with considerable vigour and point, and produced an effect which her subsequent efforts by no means tended to awaken. Had some of the serious characters, in which it is averred she shines conspicuous, been allotted to her, her fame might have been established on a more firm basis in this country; but the small parts she assumed during her engagement at Covent Garden were either unsuited to her

\* This is quite a mistake.—Ed. † They might insist—but what then?—Ed.



style, or she had not art sufficient to endow them with interest.

In Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and Cherubino in the *Nozze di Figaro*, Madlle. Angri displayed much comic ability. The first part was admirable in every respect, and were it not for occasional faults of style and a want of finish, we should not hesitate to pronounce it the very best personation of the character we had ever seen. Some of the critics declared the performance too bold and *brusque*, but to our thinking the assumption was conceived in the true spirit of Beaumarchais and Rossini.\* The Cherubino of Mdle. Angri was also an excellent performance, replete with buoyancy and hilarity.

Mdlle. Angri's figure is tall and striking. She treads the stage with great ease and freedom, and her action is bold and energetic. Although not decidedly handsome her face is intelligent and full of expression.

The fair artiste is now engaged with Ronconi, at the *Italiens*, in Paris, where she is playing characters more important than those assigned to her at Covent Garden last season.† Whether she will again visit England, we have no means of ascertaining. It is probable that, in case Alboni refuses accepting an offer from either of the Italian Opera Houses, she will be heard once more in London, in which case we shall be happy to see her.

#### MUSICAL CHARADE.

MY first, say who hath fathom'd thee!  
Vast, boundless, as eternity;  
Thou hast been ever Genius' goal,  
The object of his ardent soul.  
Thy gifts to him thou wilt impart,  
Who seeks thee with a longing heart;  
Thou art the earnest student's meed,  
His comfort in the hour of need.  
Sister of science! deign'st thou then,  
To visit the abode of men?  
Oh heav'n-born missionary thou!  
'Tis thine to clear the monarch's brow,  
To cheer the heart of abject slave,  
To animate the true and brave.  
And bind in universal thrall,  
Refined—untutor'd—savage—all!  
Thy sway, all nations, kingdoms own,  
Infinite, wondrous, glorious one!  
My second, of a learned race,  
That numbers twice thirteen,  
Is honour'd with the highest place,  
And is the first, I ween.  
Without them, what were learning's store?  
How fast t'would fade away!  
Without them literary lore  
Would hasten to decay.  
Ages and ages now are past,  
Since first on earth they came;  
To endless ages they will last,  
Perpetuating fame.  
Seven are chosen from their band,  
To give their names to sound;  
But here, transposed by music's hand,  
The first, the sixth, is found.  
My third, go find in history,  
On ancient Persia's throne;  
His riches, might, and luxury,  
To every one are known.  
My whole, an opera of fame,  
Let Britain's echoes sound the name.

EUTERPE.

Dec. 19th, 1849.

\* We do not pretend to know why, but we found it very unnatural and exaggerated.—Ed.

† More important than Rosina, Arsace, and Cherubino? What can they be?—Ed.

#### HOW TO IMPROVE THE MUSICAL TASTE OF THE COUNTRY.

(From the New York Message Bird.)

WE are weary of meeting in its numberless forms, that venerable question, "*What can be done to improve the musical taste of the country?*" Without stopping to speak of the absurdity of this interrogatory in one sense, or of its importance in another, we proceed to reply, that there is one, and *only* one way in which this desirable end can be attained; and that way we will now endeavour to show. We assume that "taste," in an abstract sense, is the ability to appreciate or to perceive what is perfect. This faculty then becomes exalted or "improved," just in proportion as the objects upon which it is habitually exercised approach in their nature towards the perfect. Hence, if an individual would "improve his musical taste," he must habitually—not occasionally merely, but *habitually*—accustom himself to hear the best specimens of music—the expansion of taste being like that of other faculties, *progressive*. If he would acquire, in addition to this, a discriminating or *critical* taste, he must do something more than listen, he must study. He must become acquainted with the ground or object upon which that on which he would pass judgment is founded, with the laws of its proper construction, and in fine with its whole nature and philosophy, and with the manner of its perfect achievement. The verdict of his unbiassed judgment in its approaches to truth, will be just in proportion to his advancement in the knowledge of these principles. To draw from these inferences a just and practicable solution of the above question, we have to answer, *first*, let the music which is introduced into your family be invariably of the very best class, whether vocal or instrumental; selected with this end in view, in all cases, by a truly competent judge; *second*, employ none but the very best teachers for yourself or children, and permit them to hear as often as possible the best models of vocal and instrumental performance, and as rarely as possible those of an opposite or of a common-place character; *third*, procure an instrument of the best quality of tone, and what is equally of importance, especially if it is to accompany a learner in singing, let it be kept constantly *in tune*. Nothing exerts a more depraving influence upon the ear, than the habit of listening for weeks and months together to a constant hammering upon the discordant strings of a pianoforte. We can easily account for absence of enthusiasm in music, where the name is connected with such associations as these. A good pianoforte, with ordinary care, will not require to be frequently tuned; a poor piano cannot too hastily begot rid of; *fourth*, and that which has a much stronger influence in forming the musical taste of a community than is generally imagined, is the character and manner of performance of the music in its churches. "Church music," says an experienced writer, "has a great and pervading influence in forming the taste of a people. If accustomed from youth to hear good music well performed, in the temple where they assemble weekly to worship God, it leaves a deep-seated impression on their minds; one which is not easily eradicated in after life. It is to this cause, is mainly attributed the superiority exhibited by the people of several of the European nations, in music. They are from childhood accustomed to hear the best compositions ably performed in their churches, and they accordingly imbibe a taste for what is really good." Use your influence therefore to have the organist, chorister, or teacher of the choir to which you are accustomed to listen, persons of competent musical information. In too many instances this important

class of persons have had but a slight knowledge of music; and their ideas of taste, as manifested in the music which they adopt and in the style and manner of its performance, is sufficiently crude and imperfect for all mischievous purposes; *fifth*, as you would not be satisfied either in your own case or in that of your children with that progress in the English language which carries you no further than its *a-b abs*, so in the musical language let a knowledge of its elementary principles be followed by a study of its grammar and laws of composition under the best teachers of thorough base, harmony, and musical composition; so that you may not only be able to read a paragraph in music without spelling, but that you may also express your own thoughts in that language with correctness and elegance, either in *conversation*, by extemporaneous performances upon an instrument, or by written compositions.

We think that were these few simple and perfectly practicable directions generally carried out, there would be no longer occasion for *Pickwickian* "conventions," to consult upon the best method for "improving the musical taste" of this country. Musicians of talent, who have spent a lifetime in acquiring the knowledge necessary to render them competent in their particular departments, would no longer be thrust aside to make room for ignorance and presumption; nor would the finest musical compositions be permitted to lie unknown or forgotten upon the shelves of the publisher, whilst the most illiterate trash is circulating to and fro through the country with the rapidity and constancy of a weaver's shuttle. We should no longer hear complaints of the ebbs and flows of musical taste, and of the advancing and retrograding caprices of "the Musical Public." In a word, talent would be developed and would abound; and our country would take that rank among musical nations which her latent capacities for the art would render most distinguished.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**STEPHEN HELLER.**—Among the few private circles which have enjoyed the advantage of hearing this esteemed musician play, either his own works or those of others, the warmest enthusiasm has been excited. Recently, at the house of Mr. J. Ella, Director of the Musical Union—who entertained a select company of amateurs and professors on the occasion—M. Stephen Heller played some specimens from his *Etudes*, a fantasia, and a few of the *Pensées Fugitives*, in conjunction with Ernst, who was also partner in the composition of these beautiful and romantic pieces. The effect produced by M. Heller's playing was unanimously favourable, and has led to a strongly expressed desire of hearing him in public. Highly regarded as are the compositions of M. Heller, by all the *cognoscenti*, they are not yet sufficiently known here to *virtuosi* and musicians at large. We are persuaded, however, that their popularity would far exceed that of Chopin's works, with all the latter's originality. To quite as much fancy as Chopin, and a *cachet* by no means less essentially his own, M. Heller adds a deeper knowledge of the art, and a more profound reverence for the forms and precedents of the great masters. In Germany, M. Heller enjoys a distinguished reputation; his works have a large influence and an extended sale, and there is little doubt that, if equally well known, they would be equally regarded and sought after in this country, which yields to none in its ready appreciation and eager acknowledgment of merit in all the arts.

**EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOURS.**—Mr. Grundy, of Regent Street, has opened the upper part of his premises for the purpose of exhibiting a number of drawings in water-colour and painting in oil, by some of the first artists of the day. With the water-colour societies it is, we believe, a rule to admit no drawing made by an Academician, and as no prohibitive law of the kind affects Mr. Grundy's first floor, the public has an opportunity of seeing many drawings by masters who of late years have only been known by

their oil-colour productions. In works of the sort by Mr. Pool—chiefly rustic figures—Mr. Grundy is remarkably rich. Mr. Sidney Cooper has furnished him with some excellent water-colour cow-pieces, one of them as glowing and Cuypp-like as any of the pictures he sends to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; and Mr. Roberts has contributed several drawings in his best style on Egyptian and Nubian subjects. The members of the water-colour societies have been very active in producing works for this exhibition. Messrs. Cattermole, Harding, Rayner, Bentley, Vacher, and Topham, are among the leading contributors; a scene from Irish peasant life, by the last-named artist, being one of the best works he has yet produced. Several sketches by Mr. E. Landseer, including the three which have been recently engraved, and some drawings by Sir A. Calcott, may likewise be named among the principal objects of this very choice collection. Another room is devoted to oil-colour, and here we have interesting specimens by Messrs. Etty, Eastlake, MacIise, Herbert, Egg, Elmore, Friih, Creswick, and other celebrities of the day. Most of the works are on a small scale, and it is a peculiarity of the exhibition that it gives the spectator an opportunity of surveying the light productions of a variety of artists, and of thus, as it were, penetrating for a while into the studio. The rooms are fitted up in excellent taste, and as no productions of decided inferiority are admitted, the whole may be pronounced a cabinet of real gems of British art.

**MR. DISTIN AND SONS** will give Concerts at the following places the week after Christmas:—Greenwich, 31st December; Chippenham, January 1st; Cirencester, 2nd; Stroud, 3rd; Cheltenham, 4th and 5th. The vocalists announced are Miss O'Connor, and Miss Lucy Paton.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The *Messiah* of Handel was given for the fourth time last night, with the same vocalists, the same-crowd, and the same effect as on the previous occasions. The first great performance of the year 1850 will be Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which is, we are told, preparing with unwonted care.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—Mr. Mitchell has favoured us with his programme for the ensuing season, to which we shall give due consideration in our next.

**MISS EMMA BENDIXEN.**—A correspondent is informed that one of the most melancholy events of the present year was the early and unexpected death of this very gifted young lady, one of the most promising and distinguished of all the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Emma Bendixen studied the pianoforte under Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and composition under Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and was an honour to both her professors.

**CLIFTON.**—A grand performance of sacred music took place at the Victoria Rooms, on Tuesday evening, under the most distinguished patronage, Mr. H. C. Cooper, the violinist, being the director. The performances consisted of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Mendelssohn's *Athalia*. We expect next week further particulars from our correspondent "Tautonius."

**IRISH WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.**—A series of entertainments have commenced operations in Dublin, under the title of Dublin Monday Concerts, in opposition to Mr. Stammers' London Wednesday Concerts. The first performance took place on Monday week, and the second on the following Saturday.

**MR. CLEMENT WHITE** is at Darenty, superintending the *debut* of one of his pupils, who will make his first public appearance in the opera of the *Duenna*. Rumour speaks favourably of the talent of the young *debutante*, whose voice is said to be a sweet and powerful tenor.

**MR. MACREADY.**—This eminent tragedian made his first appearance at Chester on Monday last, in Sir E. B. Lytton's *Richelieu*, and was received with immense applause.

**MISS DOLBY.**—The third *Soirée Musicale* of this classical and accomplished singer took place on Tuesday night. We have a notice in type, but are compelled to postpone it till next week. We may premise that the programme was as interesting as at either of the preceding *Soirées*, and that the great instrumental feature was Molique's new pianoforte trio in A minor, of which we have already expressed our high opinion.

**MDLLE. MATHILDE GRAUMANN**, the vocalist, has arrived in London for the ensuing season. This young lady was heard with great pleasure at the concerts of M. Benedict and other eminent professors, last season. She is a pupil of the well-known Manuel Garcia.

**MESSRS. WRIGHTON AND WILKINSON** gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, Kensington, on Tuesday evening the 4th inst. Mr. Wrighton was assisted in the vocal department by Miss Rainforth, Miss Poole, Miss Holroyd, and Mr. W. H. Seguin. To Mr. Wilkinson (pianist), was added Mr. Mount (double-bass). The performances in general were entitled to commendation, and several encores were the result. Mr. Wilkinson introduced a young lady, a pupil of his, who played a duet with him on the piano, and obtained considerable applause. Mr. Mount executed a solo on the double-bass, in which he displayed no small amount of mastery over that very difficult, and by no means thankful, instrument. The Assembly Room was tolerably well filled.

**ALBONI.**—The reports about this celebrated *cantatrice* having purchased a house are not without foundation, although the *locale* has been mistaken. Alboni has bought a splendid mansion in the *Champs Elysées*, near the fountain, the most salubrious and beautiful *quartier* in the French metropolis.

**JENNY LIND** is in Paris, and Mr. Lumley, too. The Parisians are on the tip-toe with expectation. Every morning the *affiche* of the *Theatre Italien* is read with eagerness. Will the Swedish Nightingale be satisfied to go to Russia and America, before she has warbled Paris into submission? We think not.

**CHARLES HALLÉ.**—This celebrated pianist was in London, on Saturday, but returned on Sunday evening to Manchester, where his numerous duties imperatively call him.

**THE MISSES COLE.**—These clever young vocalists, whose recent performances at the London Wednesday Concerts we have had so much pleasure in praising, are pursuing their studies under the auspices of M. Panofka, who appears to have entirely given himself up to instruction in the vocal art.

**GOMPERTZ'S PANORAMA.**—This interesting exhibition and faithful representation of the War in India has been attracting crowded audiences at Tavistock during the past week; and such was the proprietor's success at Plymouth, that he returns there after Christmas.

A **YOUNG LADY**, pupil of the Royal Academy, possessing vocal and dramatic abilities, has been engaged by Mr. Newcombe, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth.

**ROSSINI AND THE PIGS.**—The eccentric composer of *Il Barbiere* has got wearied of dealing in fish, in the same manner as he grew tired of writing operas, and he has turned his attention to the breeding and sale of swine. Rossini has turned pig-dealer, and droves of "gruntings" may be witnessed on market days, hurrying, or rather being hurried, through the streets of Bologna, the profit-money derived from which goes to fatten the sides of the *gran Maestro*. "You cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear,"—nor can you make a composer who has lost all ambition and love for his art, write operas.

**CHOIRS OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.**—This congregation employs no choir. After a hymn is read, the tune to which it is to be sung is announced from the pulpit. The organist then plays the tune thus appointed, after which the leader (Mr. Moulton), whose station is in the organ gallery, commences the singing, in which he is assisted, but feebly however, by the congregation; some of whom are provided with tune-books for the purpose. As there was no variety in the sound, or light and shade in the expression of this "music," its monotony, after one or two repetitions, became rapidly tedious. We experienced, however, a grateful relief in the tasteful improvisations of the organist for the occasion, Mr. Becht, who, we understand, is not the regular organist of this church; but whose talents in this capacity, nevertheless, deserve a passing tribute. The leader has a strong voice of good quality, which he uses with energy; but his style of singing is occasionally marred by his manner of enunciating certain diphthongs. Thus the word "rejoice" he renders "re-joi-ee-ee," "joy," "joy-ee," etc. To this we are compelled to add another offence of equal

atrociousness, which consists in his frequently dismissing his tones with a *jerk*; these habits, as they argue a deficiency in vocal training incompatible with the proper qualifications of a public singer, should be carefully avoided by those who have assumed the duties of such a station in the church. Mr. Moulton is by no means a solitary offender in these practices; and we fear we shall be compelled in candour to advert frequently in the course of these reviews to the prevalence of these gross and inexcusable blemishes in our church music. But let us not anticipate.—*New York Message Bird*.

**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—On Monday evening, Handel's oratorio of *Joshua* was performed, under the direction of Mr. Surman, in presence of a crowded audience. The principal singers were Misses Birch, Kennett, and Stewart, and the Messrs. Benson and Lawlor. An appropriate tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the late Queen Dowager by the performance of the Dead March in *Saul*, and a selection from Handel's *Funeral Anthem*, previous to the oratorio. The selection from the *Anthem* included the quartet, "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her;" and the chorus, "He delivered the poor that cried." The Hall was densely crowded. The next performance of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, will be held in January.

**MR. CARD**, the well-known flautist, gave a concert at Clapham on Thursday evening. The programme comprised several interesting features in the instrumental department. A band was provided, which performed the overtures to *The Men of Prometheus*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Figaro*. Mr. Card played a flute solo—his own "Recollections of Scotland;" Mr. Dando, a solo on the violin; Mr. Frederick Chatterton, a fantasia on the harp; and Mr. Grattan Cooke, a solo on the oboe. The vocalists were Messrs. J. I. Hill, J. G. Boardman, Leffler, Williams, and Frank Bodda; and the Misses Stewart, Rainforth, and S. Card. The last-named young lady is a daughter of Mr. Card, and made her first appearance on the present occasion. She showed good sense, to our thinking, in making her first essay in *ensemble* singing, which gave her confidence, and in a great measure saved her from the nervousness dependent on a first appearance, whereby she was enabled to exhibit her powers in a more advantageous light. Miss S. Card sang a duet with Miss Rainforth from *Tancredi*, and took part in Bishop's glee, "Blow gentle gales." Miss S. Card's voice is a low mezzo-soprano or contralto. She made a very good impression. We should have mentioned a trio of Mozart, for piano, clarinet, and viola, played by Mr. G. Boardman (who conducted the concert), Mr. Williams, and Mr. Hill, as one of the chief instrumental features. Miss Rainforth sang Mozart's "Patio" exceedingly well, and was accompanied by Mr. Williams in his usual clever manner on the clarinet *obbligato*. Mr. W. H. Card was also favorably heard in the bassoon *obbligato* to Calcott's "Angel of Life," well sung by Mr. Leffler. The concert was well attended, and gave general satisfaction.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS FANNY HOOPER'S *Song* has come to hand.

**VIVIER.**—We are not able to state what are the terms of this accomplished performer. Our correspondent had better apply to Cramer, Beale, and Co., stating the name of the place, and the number of concerts.

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ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA:—Mlle. CHARTON, Mlle. DENAUBER (Pupil of the Conservatoire, Paris), M. CHOLLET (of the Théâtre de l'Opera Comique, Paris—his first appearance); M. LAC (Premier Tenor of the Théâtre Bruxelles and Ghent—his first appearance); M. NATHAN (Premier Basse of the Opera Comique, Paris—his first appearance); M. QUILLY LEROY (Pupil of the Conservatoire, Paris—his first appearance); Mlle. GUICHARD, M. BUGEY, M. SOYER, M. CHATEAUFORT, M. DESVAUX, Madame MANCINI, Madlle. COTTI, &c., &c. &c.

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An Engagement is also entered into with the eminent Tragédienne, MADLLE. RACHEL, with whose performances the Season will terminate.

Mr. MITCHELL begs further to submit an outline of the general arrangements:—The Season will commence on MONDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1850, by the production of a New Opera, in Three Acts, entitled "LE VAL D'ANDORRE," produced in Paris at the end of last year, and since performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, more than 100 Nights, and at the principal theatres of France, with the greatest success. The music by F. Halevy; the libretto by De St. Georges; with the following distribution of the principal characters:—Stephan (jeune chasseur les Pyrénées) M. Lac. Le Joyeux (capitaine de milice Française et recruteur) M. Chollet, (who has obligingly undertaken the part for the more effective production of the Opera.) Saturnin (garde-pêche du gavel), M. Quilly Leroy. Jacques Sincère (vieux chevrier), M. Nathan, (their first appearances in this country.) Thérèse (ferrière du Val d'Andorre), Madlle. Guichard. Georgette (cousine de Stephan), Madlle. Cotti; and Rose de Mai (servante de Thérèse), Madlle. Charton.

The Second Production will be HEROLD's celebrated Opera, in Three Acts, "ZAMPA," in which M. Chollet will personate the character of Zampa, as originally performed by him at the Opera Comique, Paris.

Subsequently will be given a New Comic Opera, in Two Acts, entitled "LE CAID," by the popular Composer, AMBROISE THOMAS; and also AUBER's last new Opera of "HAYDEE," the character of Haydée by Madlle. Charton.

Other productions will be selected from the following:—JEANNOT ET COLIN, Nicolo; LE ROI D'YVETOT, Adolphe Adam; LE CHEVAL DE BRONZE, Auber; LE MACON, Auber; LA SIRENE, Auber; LULUY ET QUINAULT, Nicolo; LA PERRUQUE, Clapisson; LE VALET DE CHAMBRE, Carafa; UNE FOLIE, Mehul; with the occasional performances of some of the most popular Operas produced last Season.

According to present arrangements, the representation of Opera Comique will be limited to the months of January, February, and March, terminating the Season before Easter. At the re-opening of the theatre, after Easter, on MONDAY, APRIL 1st, M. Samson (of the Théâtre Française, Paris), will have the honor of making his first appearance in this Country, and will perform with Madlle. Denain (also of the Théâtre Française), in several of the most popular Comedies of the French stage; and, subsequently, M. Regnier, and Madlle. Nathalie (both artistes of the Théâtre Française), will appear in several of the most modern and successful Comedies recently produced in Paris.

At the end of May, Madlle. Dejazet, whose reappearance at the Théâtre des Variétés, after a severe and protracted indisposition, has been attended with her customary and unrivalled success, will appear in several New Vaudevilles, as *Le Marquis de Louzun*, *Le Moulin à Paroles*, *La Jeunesse de Lully*, &c., &c.

The Performances of Comedy and Vaudeville will be supported by M. Lafon, (of the Théâtre des Variétés), Madlle. Figéac, Madlle. Constance, M. Armand Madlle. Page, Madlle. Baptiste, M. Leon, and a numerous Company.

The engagement of Madlle. Rachel will commence at the end of June, by her appearance in M. Scribe's new play of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, a production which has excited more than ordinary admiration: Madlle. Rachel will also perform, for the first time, in Dumas's celebrated play of *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, and in a New Petite Comédie, in One Act, entitled *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, by Armand Berthet; and by the occasional representation, each for One Night only, of the Classical Tragedies of *Phedre*, *Les Horaces*, *Andromaque*, and *Bajazet*, the Season will terminate.

The Orchestra will be composed of the same Eminent Professors engaged for the Opera last Season, including Messieurs Tolbecque, Hourotte, Deloffre, Newsham, Barrét, Baumann, Filet, Vaudreland, Remusat, Lazarus, Nicholson, Larkin, C. Harper, T. Harper, Campanie, T. Wright, &c., &c. Director of the Music and Chef-d'Orchestre, M. Charles Hanssens.

Subscribers of the past Season are solicited to make known their desire of renewing their Subscriptions, on or before the 1st of January next.

Arrangements for Season Subscriptions may be made at Mr. MITCHELL's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Mr. SAMS's Library, 1, St. James's Street; Messrs. ANDREWS's, New Bond Street; EBERS's and HOOKHAM's, Old Bond Street.

The Box-office of the Theatre will be opened on the 1st of January.

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